

Put Me Back Together by cms521

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Summary: Jonathan has been dealing with his dynamic for sometime, and has gotten it down to a science... almost. Nancy and Steve have worked out their dom/dom relationship and are loving it. Now if only they could take care of that sub they both care about. Nancy/Jonathan/Steve

1. Chapter 1

A/N: thanks to tacodestroyeravenger for beta'ing!

Since the incident with his brother, Jonathan had been focusing a lot more on his school work. He didn't want to admit it, given all the other awful things that had been happening at the time, but seeing his dad again really messed with his head. Even though his dad didn't know he was a sub, he still acted like a dom toward Jonathan, and everyone else he interacted with. Suffice it to say, having had time to think about everything that had happened without an impending feeling of possible death looming over him wasn't exactly making it any easier to keep his dynamic hidden in the normal ways.

It hadn't even occurred to him that he hadn't had a decent drop in a while, so no one could blame him for being a bit spacey . . . Except no one knew, and no one was really paying too much attention to him anyway. His brother had been (and should be) the center of attention in their house since he had been taken. A few friendlier people asked him if he was okay during the passing periods, but he begged off as sick. Honestly, it wasn't that big a deal. He would get through this, just like he had a dozen other times, maybe with a few more bumps, and be back to normal by the end of the week.

Steve had just sat down to eat the school's newest attempt at a "nutritional" lunch when somebody from the fringes of his friend group came over and sat down next to him.

"Steve," the kid (what was his name?) said, "you'll never believe who looks like he's gonna cry over spilled milk . . . that Byers kid. I know you like to mess with him, but you've been too busy lately. Want me to rough him up?" The kid sounded eager for Steve's approval, but luckily for that poor piece of trash, Nancy sat down on Steve's other side before Steve could respond appropriately (decking the douche). "Let me know!" the kid begged, leaving to find his regular seat.

"What was that about?" asked Nancy.

"Jonathan's been having a bad day," he responded glancing across the cafeteria to where Jonathan was sitting by himself. "We should invite him over. We haven't talked to him in a while."

Nancy hummed in agreement. "Yeah. We should be less frightening now that we have our shit together." She took a bite of her food. "Do you want to invite him over or should I?"

"You should, since it would be at your place."

Nancy came up to Jonathan in the cafeteria, startling him.

"Hey, Jonathan," she opened, sitting down across from Jonathan. He relaxed a bit into his seat. "I know we haven't hung out since everything happened, but I wanted to invite you to join Steve and me for a study session tonight. Would your mom be okay with that?"

While the invitation was worded as a request, Jonathan didn't even consider saying no. "Of course," he replied without really thinking. "Yeah, that would be great." He smiled.

Nancy returned his smile. "Okay, meet us by Steve's car after school. See you then."

Jonathan didn't even realize how much more relaxed he was after his conversation with Nancy until the last class.

His last class consisted of a dom teacher with some dom jocks who were always challenging each other. A lot of the openly sub presenting students just knelt beside their desks in order not to freak out at the posturing (honestly, you would think there'd be more control in the classroom). Jonathan didn't have that luxury. Normally by now he would have gone crazy doodling in his notebook in order to keep his mind occupied, but today he just focused on his after school study session. That class didn't go as poorly as it normally did.

2. Chapter 2

Things had been going great! Having Nancy and Steve around really helped Jonathan finish his homework. So by the time Nancy's mom had called them down for dinner, Jonathan was pretty happy with how things were going.

Nancy knew her parents didn't mean it, but it kind of just slipped out of their mouths. On the news, there had been a feature about a missing kid a few states over, and of all the times to discuss parenting styles required for that to NOT happen, it had to be in front of Jonathan. To be honest, Nancy was surprised Jonathan stayed as long as he did, before he shakily excused himself. She assumed he probably just wanted to compose himself, so she stayed and finished dinner with everyone else.

Steve, on the other hand, had a feeling that this wasn't just about the kid, but more likely was just what finally cracked Jonathan's exterior. Steve begged off finishing the dinner, "Coach will kill me if I gain the extra weight." So he slid away from the table before dessert was brought out.

Steve climbed up the stairs and opened the door to Nancy's bedroom. He didn't see Jonathan immediately, but he did hear heavy breathing coming from the far side of the bed.

Jonathan was on his knees head tucked in the corner of the room, entirely unaware that Steve had entered the room. He seemed to be trying to control his breathing (Steve wondered suddenly how many times he must have done this), but it wasn't working.

"Jonathan," Steve didn't want to startle him. Jonathan started, apparently not having heard Steve enter before hunching in on himself more. He definitely couldn't leave Jonathan alone. Not like this. "Jonathan. How can I help?"

Jonathan surprised them both by whining, quickly cutting off the noise. Steve came closer, thinking that he knew what Jonathan needed, but was still worried about scaring him.

"Jonathan, I'm going to touch you. Is that alright?" Steve asked as he stopped behind him. Jonathan nodded, still trying to breath evenly. Steve hoped he was reading this correctly as he settled his hand firmly against the back of Jonathan's neck. Jonathan tensed briefly, breaths stopping, before he relaxed a bit.

"Good boy," Steve praised before he could stop himself, and Jonathan relaxed a bit more. So Steve didn't totally fuck up, but Jonathan was probably freaking out, and by the looks of it, dropping hard. "I'm going to sit down next to you, Jonathan. Is that okay?" Jonathan nodded, and before Steve was even completely settled on the floor, Jonathan snuggled close before freezing. Steve smiled. "It's alright. Do you want to sit in my lap?" Jonathan moved slowly to Steve's lap.

By the time Jonathan was settled with Steve periodically making sure something or another was okay. Jonathan's breathing had gone back to normal. And with Steve's reassurances a lot of the tension he was holding in his body was slipping away too.

So Nancy found both of them like that about an hour later.

"Steve . . . Jonathan . . . is everything alright?" Steve noticed Jonathan tensing up again.

"Yeah, Nancy. We're doing alright. Our sweetie here was having some trouble, but he's okay now. Isn't that right?" Jonathan nodded. "Good boy." Steve looked over at Nancy trying to gauge her reaction. She didn't seem too surprised, which was good considering they had a distressed and dropping sub to take care of (not that either of them would complain).

"Jonathan," Nancy asked, sitting on the bed near them. "Do you want to get more comfortable, sweetie? We can move you to the bed." Jonathan tensed, whimpering and clinging to Steve. "Steve'll be with you the entire time." Somewhat reluctantly, Jonathan nodded. Steve gave him a peck on the forehead.

"Such a good boy for us. We only want to help. You're doing so well," Steve murmured to Jonathan as they moved to the much comfier bed.

Both Nancy and Steve settled easily into the caring role for the sub. Jonathan couldn't quite say much, so they both made sure he was comfortable and settling down, not wanting to do anything more.

Settled between the two doms, Jonathan got the best sleep he'd had since presenting as submissive.

3. Chapter 3

Jonathan didn't stay long the next morning, making excuses to turn back home before Steve or Nancy could properly say goodbye. So Jonathan spent the rest of that week and the next avoiding both Nancy and Steve. Both tried to get him to talk to them, but he always gave excuses to leave quickly.

But by the end of that week, Jonathan had already worked himself into a state of self-deprecation. He told himself he took advantage of Nancy and Steve's kindness, and that they felt obligated to help him. He also knew that even though they were the same dynamic, they had taken the time and effort to make their relationship work. He didn't want to cause problems, and he figured that if he just left the picture Steven and Nancy would be better for it.

Now that Nancy had seen Jonathan drop hard, it was fairly easy to recognize the signs of it happening again. She kind of wondered how she didn't notice before. Nancy knew Jon was likely blaming himself for non-existent problems, so she had tried to talk to him.

Eventually both Steve and Nancy got tired of being brushed off so they decided that Friday after school, they would all talk. Jon couldn't avoid this forever; it was eating him up

Steve had practice, so Nancy was going to be the one to coax Jonathan to her house so they could wait for Steve. She ran by the Byers' house to check that Joyce was okay with Jonathan staying over. So after school Nancy grabbed Jonathan before he could start walking home.

"Hey, Jonathan," she started. Jonathan tensed up. "I think the three of us need to talk, and I know you've been avoiding it, but we can't wait anymore." Nancy could practically see Jonathan's brain overthinking everything and stopped him before he could continue on that train of thought. "We're not mad at you." She hugged him. "We just want to clear things up. Steve isn't going to be out of practice for a few hours, So figured we could hang at my house until then . . . and we already okayed it with your mom."

Jonathan looked mildly annoyed. "You totally cornered me. Now I can't say no." Jonathan put up a show of resisting, but it didn't look like he really meant it. He was even following calmly towards Nancy's house.

On their way to Nancy's, Jonathan brought up some of his concerns. "Nancy," he started quietly, "I don't want to come between you and Steve. And I don't want to put either of you in a position where just because I'm a sub or dropping hard you feel obliged to look after me instead of being with each other."

Nancy took Jonathan's hand and gave it a squeeze. "And this is why we wanted to talk. Steve and I want to be on the same page as you. We weren't upset about what happened last week. And we certainly don't want you upset about it."

They walked a little farther before Nancy asked, "Do you want to talk about limits right now, or at my place?" Jonathan almost fell over.

"Umm . . . right now's okay. But what about Steve?" Jonathan asked.

"Well I'm thinking more casual stuff and making sure I don't step on a sore subject while we wait for Steve. Some could have more in depth conversations later, with Steve if you want, but I think we're okay with some basic stuff right now."

"Oh," Jonathan went quiet for a bit. "I don't like humiliation. I got enough of that from my dad." Nancy glanced over at him.

"You don't have to explain if you don't want," Nancy assured him. "It's enough to know what is and isn't a limit." Nancy paused for a moment. "What about pet names or praise? I heard Steve call you a 'good boy' a few times last week. Are you okay with that? Is that something you like?"

Jonathan blushed, "Yeah, that's fine . . . I liked it a lot. I was fine with everything that happened last week." Nancy smiled. "Umm, I'm not sure if you saw or if Steve told you, but I'm okay being on my knees. I went to the corner of your room to try and calm down last week."

Nancy nodded. "What about restraints or sensory deprivation?"

"Uh, I don't really know. I don't think I would want to do restraints right now, but maybe later if there is a later. I definitely wouldn't want to be gagged. Not really sure how I feel about losing my hearing, but I think I could deal with blindfolds."

They were practically at Nancy's house now. "Alright. So I think while we wait for Steve, I want you to kneel in that corner from last week. He said it should be a short practice, so it shouldn't be too much longer. Are you okay with the color system for safe words?" Jonathan nodded. "Okay, good. If you need a break for a bit, just say 'yellow' and we can get you off your knees."

They greeted Nancy's parents briefly before heading up to Nancy's room. Jonathan got into position in his designated corner and shuffled around to get comfortable. Nancy picked up a book she'd been rereading recently so she wouldn't have to pay it too much attention, but would look busy.

About an hour passed before Nancy decided Jonathan needed a break, and that he wasn't dropping the way she wanted.

"Jonathan, I think it's time for a break. Can you stand? Do you need help? Because I want you to sit on my bed while I get some water." Jonathan nodded, using the wall to help him stand. Nancy left when she saw Jonathan was well situated.

When she came back, she found him more tense than when she left. She handed Jonathan the glass of water. "You haven't done anything wrong, Jonathan. I thought you needed a break, okay. You were doing great. I have an idea for the next half hour I want to blindfold you, but instead of kneeling in your corner, I want you to kneel by my bed. Is that alright?" Jonathan nodded. "I need verbal confirmation, Jonathan."

"Yes."

"Okay. Let me get the blindfold. You situate yourself where you feel is best." Nancy pulled a box from her closet that contained all the things a recently presenting domme might need (it had been a presentation gift from her parents). She pulled out the softest blindfold and turned around to find Jonathan by her bed kneeling

obediently. He looked a bit more tense than she would have liked but she hoped the blindfold would help with that.

She tied the blindfold on Jonathan. "Good boy." He relaxed. Nancy sat back down on the bed, not even pretending to be reading. Instead, she kept a hand on the back of Jonathan's neck, watching him drop slowly and safely.

4. Chapter 4

MultiFandomLover99: Thank you so much! Hopefully you like the ending

Steve came through the front door, greeting Nancy's parents. Nancy's mom shoved a tray of food at Steve to take with him. Steve opened the door to Nancy's room to find Jonathan on his knees beside Nancy's bed, blindfolded. Nancy loved up at Steve and smiled.

"Jonathan," she directed her attention again to the sub at her side. "You've been so good. We have a visitor. It's Steve."

Jonathan shifted his weight while staying on his knees. Steve put the food down on the night stand. "Hi, Jonathan," Steve greeted bringing his hand to Jonathan's hair, gliding his fingers through the soft locks. "Why don't we make you comfortable? Can you get on the bed for me?"

Neither Nancy nor Steve expected the whine that came from Jonathan. "Red," Jonathan whispered. Nancy reached over to pull off the blindfold, and Steve knelt down next to Jonathan.

"Hey, baby," Steve said, moving closer to the still distressed sub. "Is it alright if I hold you? Can you tell us what we did wrong?"

Jonathan stayed where he was and mumbled, "Nancy said to kneel." Steve looked over Jonathan's head at Nancy, confused.

Nancy looked back. "Sweetheart, can you tell me, was the problem having two orders, or was something wrong with them?" Steve's eyes widened. He didn't realize something that simple might cause the sub distress.

"Two," Jonathan mumbled.

"Okay, baby. Thank you for telling us," Nancy carded her fingers through Jon's hair and pressed a kiss to his head. "How about we all get on the bed and eat some snacks?"

Steve helped Jonathan up from the floor and onto the bed. He seemed to be a bit calmer, but was decidedly back from his drop.

"Sweetheart, we're going to give you some snacks and water, then we can talk. Is that okay?" Jonathan nodded.

Nancy set the food tray onto the bed. "Jonathan, if it's alright with you, could we feed you?" Jonathan looked up. He considered for a few moments before replying.

"Yeah, okay. But can we go slow?" he asked, embarrassed for letting his sub side make the decision for once. Nancy beamed.

"Of course." Nancy grabbed a grape, holding it to Jonathan's mouth. He hesitantly took it. Steve smiled as Jonathan's eyes closed.

Nancy and Steve talked about a lot of nothing, making sure Jonathan was eating and drinking water. Jonathan was soaking up the unrestricted and focused attention that he had never gotten. He didn't feel like he was going to drop at any moment, but he was definitely drifting pleasantly through the moment.

Nancy and Steve pulled him back to try and start the conversation. Jonathan had been anticipating this, but surprisingly he didn't feel as apprehensive.

"You probably want to know why I'm not officially presented, right?" Jonathan started.

"You don't have to tell us anything you don't want to," Steve told Jonathan.

"Yeah, but it'd probably be a good idea to at least talk about it a bit." Jonathan took a deep breath. "So the short version is my dad treated my mom awfully, and I knew he would do the same thing to me if he found out."

"I'm sorry," Nancy said.

"But like now I'm okay. Most of the time I just deal. I know it's not healthy, but I'm normally okay. Except Will was taken, I guess I started falling apart." He looked up at Nancy, then Steve. "Am I

allowed to ask questions?"

Steve smiled, "Of course, baby. What do you want to know?"

Jonathan looked at his hands in his lap. "I don't want to mess up your relationship, and both of you have been so nice. What about the two of you? I know you were together before and after you both presented as doms."

Nancy grimaced a bit, "Well, it took a lot of talking."

"Things weren't amazing before we presented, and we didn't talk about things," Steve clarified. "But after presenting, we had a long talk about what would happen, and what we both wanted, so we decided to stay together."

Jonathan fidgeted with his hands.

"But," Steve continued, "there was one thing we were never able to resolve." Jonathan looked up. "You remember that night I went to grab Nancy from your place. I saw the two of you together, and I thought, wow. You both look amazing together like that."

"I was just trying to save our –" Jonathan began to get upset. Steve carefully pulled Jonathan into his lap.

"I know, but it got me thinking. After you left in such a rush last week, I brought it up with Nancy."

"And we decided that if you would like," Nancy continued, "we would love to include you in our relationship dynamic."

Jonathan tensed in Steve's lap. "You don't have to decide right now," Steve pressed a kiss into Jonathan's hair. "We just want you to know what's available, even if you just want help with your drops."

Nancy scooted closer to Steve and Jonathan. "And of course we won't tell anyone about your dynamic," she finished.

Jonathan sat for some time before responding. "Can I think about it for a bit?"

"Of course," Steve said. "We just wanted you to have all the information. But if you feel up to it, we'd like you to stay for some quality aftercare or snuggling." Jonathan smiled.

Nancy grabbed a bit more food from downstairs, and Steve and Nancy spent the next few hours petting and snuggling Jonathan while he relaxed more and more until he fell asleep.

Thanks for reading! If you want to see more of a conclusion or continuation let me know!